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INTO THY HANDS, OH LORD.

BY HARRIET WARE STILLMAN.

The night is dark, tempestuous and drear,
A night of danger and of mortal fear!
But while the storm
Is wildly raging round my trembling home,
I clasp my hands upon my breast,
And looking upward sink in pious rest,
Breathing the words "Into Thy hands, oh, Lord,
My spirit I commend." I trust Thy power was now
That these are safe who rest their all on Thee,
Though tempests shake the earth and toss the sea.

EAST LYNNE; OR, THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOONLIGHT INTERVIEW.

Cold and still looked the old house in the moonbeams. Never was the moon brighter; it lighted the far-stretching garden, it illuminated even the weathercock aloft, it shone upon the portico, and upon one who appeared in it. Stealing to the portico from the house had come Barbara Hare, her eyes strained in dread afright on the grove of trees at the foot of the garden. What was it that had stepped out of that grove of trees, and mysteriously beckoned to her as she stood at the window, turning her heart to sickness as she gazed? Was it a human being, one to bring more evil to the house, where so much evil had already fallen? Was it a supernatural visitant? or was it but a delusion of her own eyesight? Not the latter, certainly, for the figure was now emerging again, motioning to her as before; and with a white face and shaking limbs, Barbara clutched her shawl round her and went down the path in the moonlight. The beckoning form retreated with in the dark recess as she neared it, and Barbara halted.

"Who and what are you?" she asked, under her breath. "What do you want?"

"Barbara," was the whispered eager answer, "don't you recognize me?"

Too surely she did—the voice at any rate—and a cry escaped her, telling more of sorrow than of joy, though betraying both. She penetrated the trees, and burst into tears as one, in the dress of a farm laborer, caught her in his arms. In spite of his smock-frock and his straw-wrapped hat, and his false whiskers, black as Erebus, she knew him for her brother.

"Oh, Richard! where have you come from? What brings you here?"

"Did you know me, Barbara?" was his rejoinder.

"How was it likely—in this disguise? A thought crossed my mind that it might be some one from you, and even that made me sick with terror. How could you run such a risk as to come here?" she added, wringing her hands. "If you are discovered, it is certain death; death—upon you know!"

"Upon the gibbet," returned Richard Hare. "I do know it, Barbara."

"Then why risk it? Should mamma see you it will kill her outright."

"I can't live on as I am living," he answered, gloomily. "I have been working in London ever since."

"In London?" interrupted Barbara.

"In London, and have never stirred out of it. But it is hard work for me, and now I have an opportunity of doing better, if I can get a little money. Perhaps my mother can let me have it; it is what I have come to ask for."

"How are you working? What at?"

"In a stable-yard."

"A stable-yard?" she uttered, in a deeply shocked tone. "Richard?"

"Did you expect it would be as a merchant, or a banker, or perhaps as secretary to one of her majesty's ministers—or that I was a gentleman at large, living on my fortune?" returned Richard Hare, in a tone of chafed anguish, painful to hear.

"I get twelve shillings a week, Barbara, and that has to find me in everything!"

"Poor Richard! poor Richard!" she wailed, covering her face, and weeping over it. "Oh, what a miserable night's work that was! Our only comfort is, Richard, that you must have committed the deed in madness."

"I did not commit it at all," he replied.

"What?" she exclaimed.

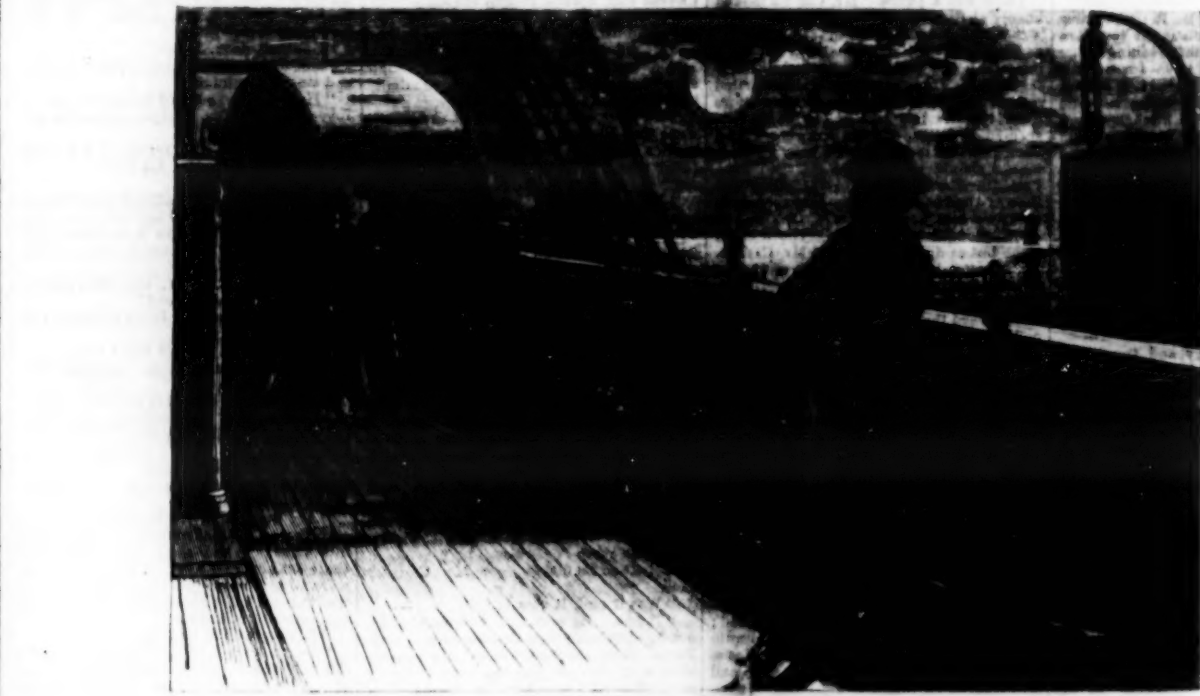
"Barbara, I swear that I am innocent; I swear I was not present when the man was murdered; I swear that, from my own positive knowledge, my eyesight, I know no more who did it than you. The guessing at it is enough for me; and my guess is as sure and true as that moon is in the heavens."

Barbara shivered as she drew closer to him. It was a shivering subject. "You surely do not mean to throw the guilt on Bethel?"

"Bethel?" slightly returned Richard Hare. "He had nothing to do with it. He was after his gin and his snare, that night, though, possibly as he is!"

"Bethel is no poacher, Richard."

"Is he not?" rejoined Richard Hare, significantly. "The truth as to what he is may come out, some time. Not that I wish it to come out; the man has done no harm to me, and he may go on poisoning with impunity till doomsday for all I care. He and Lookley—"



FELIX DRERWOOD WATCHING THE NEWLY-ARRIVED PASSENGERS.
(See Story on Page 32.)

She says she is certain Bethel had something to do with the murder."

"Then she is wrong. Why should she think so?"

"How the conviction arose at first, I cannot tell you; I do not think she knows herself. But you remember how weak and fanciful she is, and since that dreadful night she is always having what she calls 'dreams'—meaning that she dreams of the murder. In all these dreams Bethel is prominent; and she says she feels an absolute certainty that he was, in some way or other, mixed up in it."

"Barbara, he was no more mixed up in it than you."

"And—you say that you were not?"

"I was not even at the cottage at the time; I swear it to you. The man who did the deed was Thorne."

"Thorne!" echoed Barbara, lifting her head. "Who is Thorne?"

"I don't know who. I wish I did; I wish I could unearth him. He was a friend of Alf's."

Barbara threw back her neck with a haughty gesture.

"Richard?"

"What?"

"You forget yourself, when you mention that name to me."

"Well," returned Richard, "it was not to discuss these things that I put myself in jeopardy; and to assert my innocence can do no good; it cannot set aside the coroner's verdict of 'Wilful murder against Richard Hare, the younger.' In my father as bitter against me as ever?"

"Quite. He never mentions your name, or enforces it to be mentioned. He gave his orders to the servants that it never was to be spoken in the house again. Eliza could not, or would not remember, and she persisted in calling your room 'Mr. Richard's.' I think the woman did it heedlessly, not maliciously to provoke papa; she was a good servant, and had been with us three years, you know. The first time she transgressed, papa warned her; the second, he thundered at her, as I believe nobody else in the world can thunder; and the third, he turned her from the doors, never allowing her to get her bonnet; one of the others carried her bonnet and shawl out to the gate, and her boxes were sent away the same day. Papa took an oath that—did you hear of it?"

"He takes many."

"What oath? A solemn one, Richard. After the delivery of the verdict, he took an oath in the justice-room, in the presence of his brother magistrates, that if he could find you he would deliver you up to justice, and that he would do it, though you might not turn up for ten years to come. You know his disposition, Richard, and therefore may be sure that he will keep it. Indeed, it is most dangerous for you to be here."

"I know that he never treated me as he ought," cried Richard, bitterly. "If my health was delicate, causing my poor mother to indulge me, ought that to have been a reason for his ridiculing me on every possible occasion, public and private? Had my home been made happier, I should not have sought the society I did elsewhere. Barbara, I must be allowed an interview with my mother."

Barbara reflected before she spoke.

"I do not see how it could be managed."

"Why can't she come out to me as you have done? Is she up, or in bed?"

"It is impossible to think of it to-night," returned Barbara, in an alarmed tone. "Papa may be in at any moment; he is spending the evening at Beauchamp's."

"It is hard to have been separated from her for eighteen months, and to go back

without seeing her," returned Richard.

"And about the money? It is a hundred pounds that I want."

"You must be here again to-morrow night, Richard; the money, no doubt, can be yours, but I am not so sure about your seeing mamma. I am terrified for your safety. But, if it is as you say, that you are innocent, she added, after a pause, 'could it not be proved?'"

"Who is to prove it? The evidence is strong against me, and Thorne, did I mention him, would be as a myth to other people; nobody knew anything of him."

"Is he a myth?" said Barbara, in a low tone.

"Are you and I myths?" retorted Richard. "So, even you doubt me?"

"Richard," she suddenly exclaimed, "why not tell the whole circumstances to Archibald Carlyle? If any one can help you, or take measures to establish your innocence, he can. And you know that he is true as steel."

"There's no other man living should be trusted with the secret that I am here, except Carlyle. Where is it supposed that I am, Barbara?"

"Some think you are dead; some that you are in Australia; the very uncertainty has nearly killed mamma. A report arose that you had been seen at Liverpool, in an Australia-bound ship, but we could not trace it to any foundation."

"It had none. I dodged my way to London, and there I have been."

"Working in a stable-yard?"

"I could not do better. I was not brought up to anything, and I did understand horses. Besides, a man that the police-runners were after, could be more safe in obscurity, considering he was a gentleman, than—"

Barbara turned suddenly, and placed her hand upon her brother's mouth. "Be silent for your life," she whispered; "here's papa."

Voices were heard approaching the gate—those of Justice Hare and Squire Finner. The latter walked on; the former came in. The brother and sister cowered together, scarcely daring to breathe; you might have heard Barbara's heart beating. Mr. Hare closed the gate, and walked on, up the path.

"I must go, Richard," said Barbara, hastily; "I dare not stay another minute. Be here again to-morrow night, and meanwhile I will see what can be done."

She was speeding away, but Richard held her back. "You did not seem to believe my assertion of innocence. Barbara, we are here alone in the still night, with God above us; as truly as that you and I must some time meet Him face to face, I told you the truth. It was Thorne murdered Hallijohn, and I had nothing whatever to do with it."

Barbara broke out of the trees, and flew along, but Mr. Hare was already in, locking and barring the door.

"Let me in, papa," she called out.

The justice opened the door again, and thrusting forth his flaxen wig, his aquiline nose, and his amazed eyes, gazed at Barbara.

"Hollo! what brings you out at this time of night, young lady?"

"I went down to the gate to look for you," she panted, "and had—had—strolled over to the side-path. Did you not see me?"

Barbara was truthful by nature and habit; but in such a case, how could she avoid dissimulation?

"Thank you, papa," she said, as she went in.

"You ought to have been in bed an hour ago," angrily responded Mr. Justice Hare.

CHAPTER V.

MR. CARLYLE'S OFFICE.

In the centre of West Lynne stood two houses adjoining each other, one large, the other much smaller. The large one was the Carlyle residence, and the small one was devoted to the Carlyle office.

The name of Carlyle bore a lofty standing in the county; Carlyle & Davidson were known as first-class practitioners; no pettifogging lawyers were they. It was Carlyle & Davidson in the days gone by; now it was Archibald Carlyle. The old firm were brothers-in-law—the first Mrs. Carlyle having been Mr. Davidson's sister.

She had died and left one child, Cornelia, who was grown up when her father married again. The second Mrs. Carlyle died when her son was born—Archibald; and his half-sister reared him, loved him, and ruled him. She bore for him all the authority of a mother; the boy had known no other, and, when a little child, he had called her Mamma Corny. Mamma Corny had done her duty by him, that was undoubted; but Mamma Corny had never relaxed her rule; with an iron hand she liked to rule him now, in great things, as in small, just as she had done in the days of his boyhood. And Archibald generally submitted, for the force of habit is strong. She was a woman of strong sense, but, in some things, weak of judgment; and the ruling passions of her life were love of Archibald, and love of saving money. Mr. Davidson had died earlier than Mr. Carlyle, and his fortune—he had never married—was left equally divided between Cornelia and Archibald. Archibald was no blood relation to him, but he loved the open-hearted boy better than he did his niece Cornelia. Of Mr. Carlyle's property, a small portion only was bequeathed to his daughter, the rest to his son; and in this, perhaps, there was justice, since the £20,000 brought to Mr. Carlyle by his second wife had been chiefly instrumental in the accumulation of his large fortune.

Mrs. Carlyle, or, as she was called in the town, Miss Corny, had never married; it was pretty certain she never would; people thought that her intense love of her young brother kept her single, for it was not likely that the daughter of the rich Mr. Carlyle had wanted for offers. Other maidens confessed to soft and tender impressions. Not so Miss Carlyle; all who had approached her with the love-letter tale, she sent quickly to the right about.

Mr. Carlyle was seated in his own private room in his office the morning after his return from town. His confidential clerk and manager stood near him. It was Mr. Dill, a little, meek-looking man with a bald head. He was on the roils, had been admitted years and years ago, but had never set up for himself; perhaps he deemed the post of head manager in the office of Carlyle & Davidson, with its substantial salary, sufficient for his ambition; and manager he had been to them when the present Mr. Carlyle was in long petticoats. He was a single man, and occupied handsome apartments near.

Between the room of Mr. Carlyle and that of the clerks, was a small square space, or hall, having ingress also from the house passage; another room opened from it, a narrow one, which was Mr. Dill's own peculiar sanctum. Here he saw clients when Mr. Carlyle was out or engaged, and here he issued private orders. A little window, not larger than a pane of glass, looked out from it on the clerk's office; they called it old Dill's peep-hole, and wished it anywhere else, for his spectacles might be discerned at it more frequently than was agreeable. The old gentleman had a desk, also, in this office, and there

he frequently sat. He was sitting there, in state, this same morning, keeping a sharp lookout around him, when the door timidly opened, and the pretty face of Barbara Hare appeared at it, rosy with blushes.

"Can I see Mr. Carlyle?"

Mr. Dill rose from his seat and shook hands with her. She drew him into the passage, and he closed the door. Perhaps he felt surprised, for it was not the custom for ladies, young and single, to come there after Mr. Carlyle.

"Presently, Miss Barbara. He is engaged just now. The justices are with him."

"The justices!" uttered Barbara, in alarm; "and papa one? Whatever shall I do? He must not see me. I would not have him see me here for the world."

An ominous sound of talking; the justices were evidently coming forth. Mr. Dill laid hold of Barbara, whisked her through the clerk's room, not daring to take her the other way, lest he should encounter them, and shut her in his own sanctum.

"What the plague brought papa here at this moment?" thought Barbara, whose face was crimson.

A few minutes, and Mr. Dill opened the door again. "They are gone now, and the coast is clear, Miss Barbara."

"I don't know what confidence you must form of me, Mr. Dill," she whispered; "but I will tell you, in opinion, that I am here on some private business for mamma, who was not well enough to come herself. It is a little private matter that she does not wish papa to know of."

"Child," answered the manager, "a lawyer receives visits from many people; and is not the place of those about him to 'think'?"

He opened the door as he spoke, ushered her into the presence of Mr. Carlyle, and left her. The latter rose in astonishment.

"You must regard me as a client, and pardon my intrusion," said Barbara, with a forced laugh, to hide her agitation. "I am here on the part of mamma—and I nearly met papa in your passage, which terrified me out of my senses. Mr. Dill shut me into his room."

Mr. Carlyle motioned to Barbara to seat herself, and then resumed his own seat, beside his table. Barbara could not avoid noticing how different his manners were in his office, from his evening manners, when he was "off duty." Here he was the staid, calm man of business.

"I have a strange thing to tell you," she began, in a whisper, "but it is impossible that any one can hear us." He broke off, with a look of dread. "It would be—it might be—death!"

"It is quite impossible," calmly replied Mr. Carlyle. "The doors are double doors; did you notice that they were?"

Nevertheless, she left her chair, and stood close to Mr. Carlyle, resting her hand upon the table. He rose, of course.

"Richard is here?"

"Richard?" repeated Mr. Carlyle. "At West Lynne?"

"He appeared at the house last night, in disguise, and made signs to me from the grove of trees. You may imagine my alarm. He has been in London all this while, half-starving, working—I feel ashamed to mention it to you—in a stable-yard. And, oh, Archibald! he says he is innocent."

Mr. Carlyle made no reply to this. He probably had no faith in the assertion.

"Sit down, Barbara," he said, drawing her chair closer.

Barbara sat down again, but her manner was hurried and nervous. "Is it quite sure that no stranger will be coming in? It would look so peculiar to see me here; but mamma was too unwell to come her-

self—or, rather, she feared papa's questioning, if he found out that she came."

"Be at ease," replied Mr. Carlyle; "this room is sacred from the intrusion of strangers. What of Richard?"

"He says that he was not in the cottage at the time the murder was committed; that the person who really did it was a man of the name of Thorne."

"What Thorne?" asked Mr. Carlyle, suppressing all signs of incredulity.

"I don't know a friend of Alf's," he said. Archibald, he swore to it in the most solemn manner; and I believe, as truly as that I am now repeating it to you, that he was speaking truth. I want you to see Richard, if possible; he is coming to the same place to-night. If he can tell his own tale to you, perhaps you may find out a way by which his innocence may be made manifest. You are so clever; you can do anything."

Mr. Carlyle smiled. "Not quite anything, Barbara. Was this the purpose of Richard's visit—to say this?"

"Oh, no! He thinks it is of no use to say it, for nobody would believe him against the evidence. He came to ask for a hundred pounds; he says he has an opportunity of doing better, if he can have that sum. Mamma has sent me to you; she has not the money by her, and she dare not ask papa for it, as it is for Richard. She made me say that if you will kindly oblige her with the money to-day, she will arrange with you about the repayment."

"Do you want it now?" asked Mr. Carlyle. "If so, I must send to the bank. I'll never keep much in the house when I'm away."

"Not until evening. Can you manage to see Richard?"

"It is hazardous," mused Mr. Carlyle; "for him, I mean. Still, if he is to be in the grove to-night, I may as well be there also. What disguise is he in?"

"A farm laborer's, the best he could adopt about here, with large, black whiskers. He is stopping about three miles off, he said, in some obscure hiding-place. And now," continued Barbara, "I want you to advise me; had I better inform mamma that Richard is here, or not?"

"Mr. Carlyle did not understand, and said so."

"I declare I am bewildered," she exclaimed. "I should have promised that I have not yet told mamma it is Richard himself who is here, but that he has sent a messenger to beg for this money. Would it be advisable to acquaint her?"

"Why should you not? I think you ought to do so."

"Then I will; I was fearing the hazard; for she is sure to insist upon seeing him. Richard also wishes for an interview."

"It is only natural. Mrs. Hare must be thankful to hear, so far, that he is safe."

"I never saw anything like it," returned Barbara; "the change is akin to magic; she says it has put life into her anew. And now for the last thing, how can we secure papa's absence from home to-night? It must be accomplished in some way. You know his temper; were I or mamma to suggest to him to go and see some friend, or to go to the club, he would immediately stop at home. Can you devise any plan? You see I appeal to you in all my troubles," she added, "like Anne and I used to do when we were children."

It may be questioned if Mr. Carlyle heard the last remark. He had dropped his eyelids in thought. "Have you told me all?" he added presently, lifting them.

"I think so."

"Then I will consider it over, and—"

"I shall not like to come here again," interrupted Barbara. "It might excite suspicion; some one might see me, too, and mention it to papa. Neither ought you to send to our house."

"Well—contrive to be in the street at four this afternoon. Stay, that's your dinner-hour; be walking up the street at three, three precisely; I will meet you."

He rose, shook hands, and escorted Barbara, through the small hall, along the passage to the house-door; a courtesy probably not yet shown to any client by Mr. Carlyle. The house door closed upon her, and Barbara had taken one step from it, when something large loomed down upon her, like a ship in full sail.

She must have been the tallest lady in the world—out of a caravan. A fine woman in her day, but angular and hony now. Still, in spite of the angles and the bones, there was majesty in the appearance of Miss Carlyle.

"Why—what on earth!" began she, "have you been with Archibald?"

Barbara Hare, wishing Miss Carlyle over in Asia, stammered out the excuse she had given Mr. Dill.

"Your mamma sent you on business; I never heard of such a thing. Twice have I been to see Archibald, and twice did Dill answer that he was engaged and must not be interrupted. I shall make old Dill explain his meaning for observing a mystery over it to me."

"There is no mystery," answered Barbara, feeling quite sick-let; Miss Carlyle should proclaim there was, before she, clerks, or her father. "Mamma wanted Mr. Carlyle's opinion upon a little private business, and, not feeling well enough to come herself, she sent me."

Miss Carlyle did not believe a word.

"What business?" asked she, unconcerned.

"It is nothing that could interest you. A trifling matter, relating to a little money. It's nothing, indeed."

"Then, if it's nothing, why were you closeted so long with Archibald?"

was brought to, the anchor dropped, and the helmsman went forward to assist in the disposal of the sail. It glided back to the low shore, where a small boat floated fastened by a rope to the larger craft.

But a minute was occupied in drawing this boat close under the stern of the yacht, and with a noiseless and agile motion the little figure descended into the tiny craft.

The next instant the rope was severed by a sharp knife, and the boat and its silent occupant floated away on the swift current, hidden from view by the night, and utterly unsuspected by the villainous crew from whom their prisoner was thus escaping.

Two hours afterward this boat was intercepted by the Dart, then just starting out from Brownstown on her midnight errand.

But it was empty. Its late occupant had vanished under the cover of the shrouding darkness. Nor did its present captors dream of all that was signified by the wait that had floated into their hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT THE CAMP FIRE.

More kicks than halfpence were dealt to the reclining negro, who had seen fit to diversify his duty as a sentinel by taking a nap.

Never was slumber more rudely disturbed. He sprang to his feet with a comical look of astonishment and terror, rubbing his woolly pate as if trying to dispel the remnants of sleep that clung to the roots of his hair.

"How is this, you infernal rascal!" cried Baldwin, angrily. "What are you doing here asleep, and where's all the rest of them, you black villain?"

"Sure you live, massa, I dunno," exclaimed the frightened negro.

"You don't know," said Crockett, in a milder tone. "Come, boy, gather your wits a bit, and tell us what's up. How come you to be left here, and the others to make tracks?"

"They left me here to wait for you."

"And you thought you'd take a nap, eh?"

"The nap jes kind o' took me, massa Crockett. I couldn't help it, I swear I couldn't."

"I think so. But where are the rest of them?"

"Mass, seed somethin', over there, inter the bush; what it were I dunno. They streaked out, massa, and I see here."

"And a clear-headed sentinel they left. They thought as well have left that bush, down the run?"

"They jes didn't. I see ready to swear to that."

"But Mass, say something and led the others away?" asked Baldwin.

"Dat's how I tuk it. Fess, though, I were jes flustered out."

"You soggy-headed villain, ain't twelve hours a night sleep enough for you? For a little bit of cure you of sleep for the next month?"

"Come, Ben, you're too hard on the boy," said Crockett. "If you keep playing with the sledge-hammer on his wits, you'll sicker every bit of sense out of his brains."

"Mighty little loss it would be to him," growled Baldwin.

"Which way did Mass go?" asked Crockett.

"Dat way," said the black, pointing west along the thicket. "I kep a lookin' at 'em till dey got down thar whar de bush stops. Den dey went up hill, and dat's ebery blessed bit I knows bout it."

"You didn't see any men on the hill, above the bush?"

"Up dat-way, you mean?"

"Yes."

"No, sah, der weren't nobody dere."

"This business seems strange," said Baldwin. "If there was nothing in sight, what could have taken off Mass and the others?"

"There might have been a buffalo in sight, and de feller would not have seen a hair," said Gordon.

"Just so, Ned. I thought Ben Baldwin was calling him a nuncull a minute ago."

"That's a fact, said Baldwin. I am a fool for trusting in his eyesight."

"Here, boy, you git," cried Crockett, to the bewildered black. "Jist trow round Sugar Hill as fast as your fat-bones can, and if you go to sleep on the road, I'll wake you up with a rattlesnake. You'll find some of your oder feller side the hill. Tell them they can make tracks home. Git, now; let's see what stuff you're made of."

The slave, as if glad of the opportunity to escape from the confusing battery of questions with which he had been assailed, slipped off with remarkable briskness, making strides that did the work of three ordinary steps.

"You don't want them any more, then," asked Baldwin.

"No. The gang's out of the hill, and there's no use watching the cage after the bird's flown."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. They've seen our guards, and have struck out by some path they've got up hill. Mass has sighted them and he's after them. Leastways that's my reckonin'. Hold hard here a minute. I'll shoot up the hill with the dog, and look for sign."

Without waiting for an answer Crockett strode off, whistling the dog to his heels.

While they were waiting anxiously for some signal of his success, Ned Gordon took the opportunity to divest himself of the disguise he had worn, washing the dye from his face and hair so far as it would yield. The discoveries they had made in the work-room of the counterfeiters had obtained the necessity of further disguise on his part, either to escape the officers or to deceive his foes.

Most of the men present had begun to suspect who he was, through partial revelations made during their passage through the cave. He was now fully recognized by several who had formerly known him, and an animated scene of hand-shaking and questioning ensued.

This was brought to an end by a shrill whistle from up the hill, and looking up they saw Crockett beckoning to them.

They hastened to respond, following the same route which he had taken, skirting the thicket till able to pass round its southern extremity into the open wood that occupied the upper portion of the hill.

Crockett was now visible near its summit, and they made directly toward him. He was walking on, with his eyes fixed on the ground, but slowly, so that they were able to overtake him before he had much passed the apex of the hill.

The dog was running before him, seemingly anxious to lead off rapidly, but restrained by his voice.

"What's up?" cried Baldwin, as they approached. "Have you found signs of our counterfeiting friends?"

"Yes," was the reply. "They're out of the cave, sure enough. It's not easy to make out their tracks, for Mass and his party have trotted up here, and made a path like the stragglers of an army. But

I'll go a soon that they've took to the woods."

"What are we to do then?" asked Gordon. "Follow on their trail, or let the dog lead the way?"

"It won't work," answered Crockett. "There's several points we've got to look into here. There's no time to spare, that's first. And for making out the trail of three or four men over twenty miles of hard bottom wood we're not fit enough for that. What's next, we can't trust the dog. You see we're going west, across the Shakes. Now there's a variant there as thick as leaves on the tree; bar and catamount, and coon, and coyote, and I'll be a bit too much for Whirlwind's virtues. He's a no bloodhound breed. He can scent humans if there's no game; but let him strike a bar track and he'll take us straight on a hunt for four-footed vermin."

"That looks reasonable, Davy," said Gordon. "But that's only one side of the case, and you are never without two sides. What plan have you got laid out?"

"Why it looks this way to me. These critters know what they're about. They're travelling old ground for them, and they'll strike straight as a die for the spot they're after. It's my notion that they reckon to make the banks of the Mississippi. They don't calculate that we'll get out of the cave easy, and so they'll not double on their track. If we get their course once we can strike a bee line."

"Have you seen any mark that you can trust?" asked Baldwin. "Something that will make you sure they're out of the cave?"

"Yes, I've got here a bit of wad paper that some of them's dropped. It's not the stuff the niggers use for wad. You see they've put their noses out and spied Baldwin's boys on guard, and they've seen that the game was up, that the save was known to outsiders at me. He took out a chair, didn't get out soon the country would be raised. Under such circumstances there was only one thing open for them, and that was to give up their hole in the rock and make tracks out of a risky neighborhood."

While thus conversing they were rapidly following the track of the negroes, who had left an unmistakable path. For a mile they continued on this track, running directly into the woods.

"I didn't give my boys credit for such sharp eyes," said Baldwin. "I am something of a hunter, but I would have been adrift before this."

"You don't reckon they're following the trail?" asked Crockett, in a surprised tone.

"I don't know how else they could make such headway," replied Baldwin.

"If they were scouting for possum now that month be, but they couldn't have made ten steps on the track we're after."

"How do you explain their progress, then?"

"Look at their steps in this bit of soft ground. As he spoke, they crossed a stream with some thirty mules. 'Er, 'Er, a yard long. They were at a run. Fact is, Ben, your boys were hunting by sight, not by scent. See here: the runaways have crossed here. At full speed, too."

"How can you tell their steps from the niggers?" asked Baldwin.

"Don't you see the shape of the boot? That's city-worked leather. Three or four of them had made at him with a weapon, and he had dodged back again."

"Then he must have lost sight of them," said Gordon.

"Jist so. They've outrun him. He's following from this spot on a venture. That won't last long. A mile further will bring them up."

"He was right in his opinion. They had gone less than a mile when they met the negroes returning, at a slow pace and with failure written on their faces."

Their adventures were related with an abundance of words, confirming Crockett's opinion in every particular. They had seen a man peep out of the bushes, one of them had made at him with a weapon, and he had dodged back again.

Moss had then gone some distance back into the wood, where he could command a general view of the thicket. His watch was rewarded after a short time by seeing three men emerge from the bushes on the hillside and proceed with great caution into the woods.

Satisfied that they were the men wanted, he had left one of his party as sentinel and followed with the remainder.

The fugitives, not fearing immediate pursuit, had moved leisurely, and they had sighted them on the western slope of the hill. There had been a sharp chase, the fugitives running like deer. They had lost sight of them, but had seen their tracks at the stream, and pushed straight on for two or three miles further.

But in vain. The fugitives had given them the slip.

"How far ahead ought they to be?" asked Crockett.

"Bout six or eight miles, according to my notion," said Baldwin. "We sort o' took our time comin' back."

"Crept like snails, I bet," said their master. "Or stopped for a possum hunt, as he noticed a small animal hanging over the shoulders of a negro, who was making wild efforts to hide it. 'You had best be getting home. You were not out for work of this kind.'"

"That's true, Ben," said Crockett. "And we'd best be getting on. Delays is dangerous. We're right so far, and we'll go ahead. They've struck for the river, and that's what we'll strike for. There's no chance to get them afore they reach water. There will be a dew to-night, and if we can't hit the trail again, the scent will lay heavy for Whirlwind."

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who have to shoot their supper before they can cook it.

Their day's adventures had not alone added an edge to their appetite, but had tired them sufficiently to make sleep a boon that would not long desert their eyelids.

Yet some of these men were tough as pine knots, and long after the most of the party had fallen asleep, Crockett and a few others sat talking. Ned Gordon did credit to his early training by forming one of them, showing a vigor equal to that of any of the party's value just that, he said.

A desultory conversation whiled away an hour or two, Davy declaring that he didn't believe in shutting his eyes on a hearty supper. It weren't healthy to eat without time to digest.

"Didn't I never tell you about the last time I was down to the Mississippi?" he asked.

"No," was the general response. "Let us hear it."

"It ain't often I git down so far," he said, "and that time I was out of sorts. I had old Ben with me, but there weren't no game. She hadn't spoke out all day, and I found myself on the river bank afore I knewed it. You kin bet I was mad. I felt walloch about the head and ears, and as if I'd spile if I weren't livered up in salt. Long as I couldn't get a bug from a bar, I just felt like having a fight anyhow, with any critter, from a catamount to a man. Well, what should I see but a fat-boss floating down stream close up to shore, and a rough-looking customer in the stern, fast asleep."

"Hallo, stranger!" I let out, 'look out the boat don't run away with you!'

"The fellow come to as if I'd stuck a pin in him."

"I don't value you," he said, looking up kinder assy. The fight begun to work out at my finger nails then, and I looked down scandalized at him. He looked up scandalized at me. He took out a chair. 'I don't value you that,' he says."

"Come ashore and I'll whip you," says I.

"Well, boys, the varmint flapped his wings and crowed like a chicken, and I rise up, shook my mane, and neighed like a horse. At it we went, and ing. The critter was smart, but he wasn't built for a scratch down a honey locust. I can whip my weight in wild cats, and hug a bar till it squeals. I'm running for Congress, and I'm open for votes."

"Who are you anyhow?" he asked.

"I'm that same Davy Crockett," said I, 'half-horse, half-alligator, and a little touched with the snapping turtle. I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride a streak of lightning, and slip without a scratch down a honey locust. I can whip my weight in wild cats, and hug a bar till it squeals. I'm running for Congress, and I'm open for votes."

"You've got mine, and I wish I had six to give you," said the fellow, "and away he floated down the river again, and I'll bet there weren't no man at the polls put in a better ticket than Davy Crockett."

This characteristic story told in a peculiar idiom which the colonel used in his story-telling mood, and which greatly added to its effect—was laughed at heartily, and roused the others to a succession of comical narrations. It was two hours after supper before they finally addressed themselves to sleep, leaving Gordon, who had volunteered to take the first watch, on guard of the camp. Whirlwind coiled himself up with the rest, and was soon fast asleep at his master's feet.

It was now about nine o'clock. The forest around was deadly still. Only the crackling of the fire broke the silence, and the deep breathing of the sleeping men.

March 7, 1914.]

TO HELEN.

Thy face, with drowsy eyes
That dream the flesh of love—
Thy yellow hair above—
The radiant curls—
Of head so vainly bright—
How lovely is the sight!

Sweet music fills my ears,
The voice is all around,
A melody of light and sound,
Thy voice my spirit cheers,
To lend me more than time
From grief and sorrow.

It is the light divine
That glows upon thy face,
That gives thee dreams, that parts
Thine from the world, and mine;
That almost makes me see
Helen, to worship thee.

A. P.

THE SEA OF FIRE;
OR,
ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAWK AND A DOVE.

While the chase proceeded in the water, a well-manned boat had shot from the shore toward the Gloria. The boat, from its appearance, evidently belonged to the steamer. Its occupants had not been under the interested scrutiny of the exciting scene in the river. Distance and the semi-obscure of even a moonlight night prevented them from fully understanding the motives of the actors, and it was not until Antonio had almost reached Burleigh that one of the officers in the boat noticed that the latter supported a woman.

"It's a chase and not a race as we first supposed," he said. "She! That dashing-looking red-skin is gaining! There's a knife between his teeth."

"The red-skin is a splendid swimmer," said another. "The other fellow is getting exhausted. By Jove! the Indian has him."

"No, he hasn't. The white has struck ahead."

"I say, matesmates," cried a stalwart, jolly-looking sailor, who held an oar, "I ain't a-goin' to see a white man and woman scalped by that damned red-skin. Let's go and put a stop to it."

"Tom's right, Tom Wood!" cried several others.

The order was given. The crew moved in unison, and the boat shot within a yard of Burleigh just as his partner, uplifting himself half out of the water, raised his knife. The weapon descended into the water with sufficient force to have cloven Burleigh's skull had he not eluded the blow by an agile spring. In the twinkling of an eye, he was hauled into the boat by half a dozen hands. The Indian attempted to follow him, but the hostile movements of Tom Wood's oar kept him at a respectable distance. He swam around the boat uttering fearful imprecations and gnashing his teeth; but the sailors were resolute in preventing him from following Burleigh into the boat.

"Dog of a pale-face!" he exclaimed, in a voice fraught with the expression of a baffled rage. "We shall meet again—and I when we meet again you shall meet death. I tell you—farewell!"

He waved his hands toward the boat, and his lips moved as if with the utterance of a curse. Then he swam toward the shore.

"I'd give a pound of tobacco to have the pleasure of knocking that infernal varmint on the head," said Tom Wood. "I say, you new comers, where's that gal?"

Burleigh, confused by the question, hesitated.

"Tom Wood, lend a hand here," said a clear, ringing voice. It proceeded from a young man who was bending over the side of the boat. Tom Wood obeyed with alacrity.

"By gosh!" he exclaimed, "the gal's just come up!"

He assisted the young man in raising some object from the river. Between them, they gently laid it in the bottom of the boat. It was the senseless form of Inez de Vastro. Her face was beautiful even in its pallor. Her head drooped forward like a lily on its broken stem. On her pale forehead, where the dripping hair fell away, a purple bruise was visible.

"Pretty dead!" muttered Tom Wood, his voice becoming suspiciously tremulous.

"Poor, pretty dead! I'd like to have the grin of that red rascal's bones to powder. Wouldn't I gr-r-rind? Oh, no!"

"We'd better take her to shore. There may be life in her," said Felix Burleigh, looking down at the senseless face, so pitifully white. He had never moved his eyes from her since he had lifted her from the water. He turned to Burleigh, and asked in his frank, straightforward way, "Is she a relation of yours?"

"She is my wife," answered Burleigh, raising his eyes boldly to those of his questioner.

This answer seemed to disconcert Felix Burleigh. The serene, white face of the girl at his feet had stirred a new feeling in his heart. He turned away now, feeling as if something vague and bright had departed him. When he looked round again, Burleigh was still staring him. Their glances met, expressing on Burleigh's part triumphant defiance, on Burleigh's distrust.

Tom Wood, with immense difficulty—seeming as if he were drawing a bucket from a deep well—pulled out an immense silver watch. He took the crystal from its sacker-like face, and held it over Inez's mouth and nostrils.

"There's life yet, my hearties," he pronounced, "for there's breath there, and where there's breath there's life, and when there's life there's hope. That's a real medical dogmose. Ain't that so?"

Nobody disputed Tom's assertion, and he took off his heavy jacket, which he wore in the warmest weather, and tenderly covered the girl with it.

"I say, 'stranger,' he called out, addressing Burleigh, "where are you bound for? We ain't got no time to lose as I take it. I've want to be put ashore, or is that canoe of yonder yours?"

"I intend to take passage in the Gloria," answered Burleigh; and he anticipated any questions by saying, "I will explain all that is necessary to be explained to the captain, if you will be kind enough to introduce me to him."

"He is not here," answered the officer in charge of the boat. "Captain Durvige is on board the steamer."

Burleigh had guessed that already. "I will make all proper explanations to him," he repeated. "But to you, gentlemen, I feel myself bound to say, in consideration of the strange position in which you found me, that my wife is insane. It is my intention to take her North, in order to consult competent physicians. Although usually quiet and gentle, she is violent at times, and as we—my sister and I—were conveying her to the Gloria, one of her unmanageable fits came on, and she suddenly leaped into the river. I, of course, followed her."

The grave dignity with which Burleigh

made this explanation, favorably impressed everybody in the boat, except Felix Burleigh.

Impelled by an impulse he could not explain, he lifted a corner of Tom Wood's jacket and pointed to the bruise on Inez's brow.

"How came that?" he asked, sternly. Burleigh bent over Inez's form in apparent anxiety, then veiling his face from observation. "I cannot account for it. I hope it is nothing serious. She must have struck against the boat."

"That blow," said Burleigh, "was inflicted by a human hand. The cruel marks of some brute's knuckles cannot be mistaken."

"That's so," commented Tom Wood, examining the bruise. "Poor dear-poor, pretty dear. She reminds me of my Mary Ann. My Mary Ann, Mr. Burleigh."

"I repeat," said Felix Burleigh, looking steadily at Rose Burleigh, "I repeat that this blow was given by a human hand. If the lady sprang from the monstrosity, she may have had reason."

Felix Burleigh could not account for this sudden hostility to an utter stranger. He was acting under the influence of a blind impulse—instantly.

"Your words imply an insult, sir," said Burleigh. "To insult a stranger, weak and exhausted, and just rescued from the jaws of death, may be part of your character. To resent such an insult, is part of mine. I will not forget your words, sir."

"Sit down, Burleigh! Be quiet, Burleigh!" cried several voices. And he obeyed them, feeling that he was to all appearance in the wrong, not certain that he was right himself, yet glad that he had thrown the gauntlet to the new comer.

The men bent to the oars, and the occupants of the boat excepting Burleigh and the unconscious Inez—thought about the stranger, and wondered whether he or the Indian pursuer had caused that purple bruise on the girl's pale forehead.

Having seen her brother lifted into the Gloria's boat, Laura Burleigh directed her attention to her own situation.

"Juan," she said to the Tapaya, who seemed to have obtained a certain authority over his companions, "you may as well put me on board the steamer. My brother is out of your power now, and you can gain nothing by keeping me here."

Juan made no reply. She continued, speaking—

"I am of no use to you. I didn't kill Calisto; it wasn't my business to warn you, and you can't have anything against me. You'll not be richer for detaining me, but I'll not fail to reward you the instant we halt the steamer."

Juan and Vincento whispered together. "She has gold," said Vincento. "Throw her overboard and take it."

By way of reply, Juan pointed toward the Gloria.

"She would scream. Her friends are too near."

Laura overheard this conversation. Those eyes of hers so strangely near to her looked dangerous. The Indians would have found it a more difficult matter than they supposed, to deprive that resolute woman of her life or even of her money.

"It is well," said Juan. "We will do what the senhorita wishes. How much will she give?"

She placed some pieces of money in his hand.

"You shall have as many more when your work is done."

Juan nodded, gave the word to his companions, and the montaria glided swiftly over the water, and reached the Gloria just as the people of the boat were going up her side. Laura Burleigh paid the Indians the promised sum, and in a few minutes had reached the deck. Her brother put out his hand to assist her.

"Mrs. Burleigh," he said, significantly, "the Gloria is being attended to in the cabin."

She looked puzzled, and then her face cleared.

"I understand, Rose," she said, in a low tone. "Please take care of my portmanteaus, and I will join Mrs. Burleigh."

This last was intended for the benefit of Felix Burleigh, who stood near the bow of the boat, looking at her with a frown. The knowledge that she still lived in the best things he could receive. Oh, Rose, think of my feeling during that horrid, horrid scene!"

She raised her tear-filled eyes, not to her brother's face, but to Burleigh's. She tottered across the deck toward the cabin.

"How low me to offer you my arm?" said Burleigh, speaking in a thin, low voice. She hastily turned away, and drew her hood over her face. The somebody was Ralph De Laney.

"Thanks," she placed her white, perfectly-formed hand on his black coat-sleeve confidently. The light pressure upon his arm brought back old memories to Ralph De Laney. It was long since a woman's white hand had rested there. He walked more erectly than usual, and when, at the cabin door, he bowed low and she sweetly murmured her thanks again, his heart beat quickly, and he seemed to have grown a dozen years younger.

She found Inez in the hands of several sympathizing lady passengers and the conscious Burleigh was powerless to guard her from them, and Laura resolved to make the best of it.

Inez's wet clothes had been changed for dry ones, and she now lay in a deep sleep on a lounge.

Laura prepared herself for a grand histrionic effort. She rushed forward, and kneeling beside her, burst into tears.

"Excuse me," she sobbed, taking care not to awaken Inez, "but I can't help it. I have suffered dreadfully. Oh, how thankful—how thankful I am that this dear one is spared to us!"

Compassion got the better of enmity in her hearers' minds, and cups of tea, fans, smelling-bottles, and other feminine consolations were freely offered her by the sympathizing audience.

After some more spasmodic manifestations, she allowed herself to be carried to her berth.

Toward midnight, however, Felix Burleigh noticed two persons in conversation near the wheelhouse. As he passed them, they drew back into the shade of a pile of canvas. He had time, however, to see that the two were the lately-arrived passengers—Rose Burleigh and his sister. She held some papers in her hands, which, judging from the pieces that littered the deck, she had been tearing to shreds.

"I'll watch that pair," he resolved. "If my instinct and penetration do not mislead me, those two hawks have a dove in their clutches."

fastest, tancst and best-built vessel in existence, some ignorant and ill-advised stranger would at times demand. Then the captain would come down that narrow stranger like a sledge-hammer. He would seize the miserable stranger by a convenient button, and prove that the Gloria had as many perfections as Don Quixote's Rocinante had angles. He would tell the excellencies of the Gloria in a high falsetto, he would reiterate them in the lowest bass, and then he would sing them, con spirito and con amore, through his nose, all the while frantically gesticulating with his unoccupied fist, which threatened annihilation to anybody within its reach.

Finally, the unfortunate stranger—no longer ignorant and ill-advised as far as the merits of the Gloria were concerned—either fainted or out of that button, and silently stole away before the captain could grasp another. Either of these things might save him from being convinced and re-convinced a score of times; nothing else would.

I cannot fill seven columns with a description of the Gloria, and if I tried to describe her in less space, the indignant captain would "intervene" me, and to avert that, I will not describe her at all, beyond stating that she could make fifteen knots an hour (the captain said) and that she has not blown up yet. This latter assertion is the only one I dare make on my own authority.

Captain Durvige was a bluff, white-haired, ruddy-faced man of sixty—very downright, obstinate, and prejudiced—but thoroughly master of his profession. He had taken a fancy to his young passenger, Felix Burleigh, principally because Felix was as downright and obstinate as himself.

They seldom agreed, but Burleigh was one of the few persons with whom the captain never quarreled. He was confidential clerk to a New York firm. He had gone to Brazil on business—his principal object being to ascertain whether a lately discovered coloring substance could be obtained in sufficient quantities for the purposes of the firm. He had made the voyage to Rio in the Gloria, and he was now returning in the Gloria.

Thus far Felix Burleigh's life had been little in it of color and rose. It had lain in the gray, dull light which falls into the lives of those whose paths lay in the workaday portion of the world. All that he had known he had struggled hard to gain.

In worldly goods, this at present was not much, but in experience and knowledge it was more. Of his boyhood, he remembered his father's carmen, no mother's tender tones—his memory went back no farther than the time when he had sold papers in the New York streets in daytime, and at night slept where he could. Later, he had become an errand boy to the firm in whose empty packing-boxes he had once slept.

From that time his life-story was the story of many others—in fact, the story of every man who conquers circumstances. He waited, he toiled, he studied. By degrees, he arose to his present position—a position which he expected soon to exchange for a place in the firm.

Of his parents he knew nothing. He did not even know by what right he bore his name.

On the morning following the evening on which the events we have related took place, Felix Burleigh stood on the deck of the Gloria, thoughtfully gazing at the distant horizon which seemed to recede the nearer the vessel came to it.

Felix Burleigh was not handsome. His brow was broad, white and smooth, and his dark-blue eyes were bright and penetrating. His hair was brown and straight, and the pointed beard he wore, and which had the effect of making him look thirty instead of twenty-five, was unmistakably sandy in color. He was rather short in stature, but compact and well-formed.

Young ladies—young ladies who adore the Children of the Abbey—would have called him commonplace-looking. In business he bore the reputation of being shrewd but honorable. In other things, he had meddled very little, but where his heart or feelings were enlisted, he was generally impetuous and hasty.

The softly-warm morning sunlight brightened deck and water, and the fresh breeze tugged mischievously at his wide-brimmed straw hat and light cloth coat; but the breeze might have blown both, and he would have been unaware of the theft so deeply he was absorbed in thought.

When Captain Durvige came rolling along deck at his usually slow pace, the meditative expression left Felix's face. He threw away his cigar, and hastened to meet the captain.

The latter sat down on a pile of ropes, and waited for him.

"Well," Felix said, impatiently, "who are they?"

"Who?" the captain said, waving his hand all around him. "Isn't she a spanker? By George! Isn't she glorious? Dye see the pan, Burleigh, dye see the pan?"

As if he had not uttered that witty claim at least fifty times since the Gloria had left Rio.

"Oh, never mind her now," began Felix.

"If I didn't mind her, I'd all go down among the coral caves I need to speak about when I was a boy. Did you ever happen to hear a piece called 'My Name is Norval'?"

"But who are they, captain?"

"It was in the District School at Kenneville. We had a regular cornucopia for a teacher. Bless you, Burleigh, little he thought he was canning the future captain of the Gloria, when—"

"Another time, my dear captain, but who are they?"

"Who? What the deuce—"

"The new passengers, of course."

"Oh, that fellow you brought in the boat last night. By the way, you and your party of explorers were near being left behind. By George! If an unexpected addition to my cargo hadn't delayed us, I hadn't been so considerate."

"My dear captain, gratify my curiosity in this instance. Who is he?"

"A polite, gentlemanly fellow who doesn't interrupt his superiors in station and age at every word." Having in this manner demolished Felix, the worthy captain recovered his good humor.

He apologized very handsomely for his unusual conduct in an unceremoniously knocking at last night. Those ladies are his wife and sister. His wife is insane—poor creature! and he is taking her North for medical treatment—"

"And she became violent last night, and jumped out of the boat. Oh, I know all that," broke in Felix, his lip curling. "But what's his name? Where is he from?"

"There! You're off again? He's the Baron Val-Vert, of Pombal. He is a Frenchman—speaks nothing but French."

"Baron Pierre de Val-Vert?"

Felix laid his hand on the captain's arm and waited for his answer with an eager look.

"Exactly. He says he has a large plantation near Pombal. Do you know him?"

"No," said Felix, not deeming it prudent to give the full reason for his interest.

"No. I am acquainted with his cousin, Señor de Vastro, of Para. I met Señor de Vastro at Rio, and he gave me a letter of introduction to Val-Vert. I never had an opportunity of presenting it, although I met the baron often in society."

"Ah! The baron nearly escaped death last night, he said. An Indian in his employ, whom he had chastised, attempted to kill him while he was rescuing his wife. The red devil!"

"Captain," said Felix, seriously. "I advise you to watch that man."

"Felix!" cried the captain, delighted to disagree with his friend. "You're bilious, my boy. A bilious man is always suspicious. What's the matter with this fellow?"

"I have reason for distrusting him," answered Felix, gravely.

"Felix! Take a dose of something, my boy," said the captain, with provoking carelessness. "Here comes Balstrode. You'd better consult him."

Balstrode was the surgeon—a tall, thin, carefully-dressed young man.

"Good-morning, Mr. Burleigh. A sad case, captain—a sad case. The baroness de Val-Vert has the brain fever."

"Four young things!" said the captain. "She's insane, too."

"She's delirious," said the surgeon, briefly.

"Had she no lucid interval while you were in attendance?" asked Felix.

"I fancied once that she was in her right mind, but it was a mistake on my part, for she seemed to imagine that she was in the power of a person named Burleigh, and implored me to save her."

"You think she's insane, then, doctor?"

Balstrode looked at Felix curiously—his questioning tone was so full of eager interest.

"I think," answered Balstrode, cautiously, "that she's delirious. Of her insanity, I cannot speak positively."

"How does the baron take it?" asked the captain.

"He is quite broken down, poor fellow! As for that story of his, she's an angel. It was to my heart to see her, pale from anxiety, hanging over that poor lady's berth. He was compelled to force her away to take rest. That was an easy task, and she was weak with watching. Good-morning, gentlemen, I must take a look at Jack Brown's arm."

The captain laughed.

"He is smiling by the charms of the baron's sister. Oh, those women! The doctor is a staunch fellow, in spite of his eyeglass and white hands."

Felix made no reply to this observation. With compressed lips and knitted brow, he was apparently trying to solve some problem.

Well. See you again, Burleigh. Duty calls. And the captain rolled leisurely away.

Felix was glad to be alone. He took the captain's vacated seat—the rope-pile—and thought on the subject that had occupied him since the preceding evening. He began, in perhaps a rather unwelcome and irregular manner, to sum up the evidence against the so-called Baron Val-Vert.

In the first place, Pierre Baron de Val-Vert, of Pombal, was, at least, somewhat past middle-age. This Baron Val-Vert, also of Pombal, was still young. Baron Pierre Val-Vert was unmarried, and, as Felix had heard, he had no relatives in America, excepting his aunt's son, Señor de Vastro. Therefore, this Baron Val-Vert was not the real baron's heir, and as there was but one De Val-Vert near Pombal, this so-called baron must be somebody else.

Now, who was he? Why had he assumed a title and name not his own?

When this man's sister—as he called her—had come on board, Felix had heard him say in English, "Mrs. Burleigh is being attended to in the cabin." The woman addressed did not seem to understand at first, and after a short pause she answered in words that left no doubt that the half-drowned girl in the cabin was named Mrs. Burleigh. The woman's tones led him to believe that the words were intended for his ears; but why, after thus telling him the name, should they change their plan suddenly, and risk detection by adopting a new one?

This question puzzled Felix Burleigh. After looking at it from every point of view, he confessed himself baffled for a time, and went on with another portion of his investigation.

This so-called baron and his party had stolen off from shore, not from the city front, but from a secluded point of the forest, in the shade of night. Had they a reason for this? If justice were on their track, it would be their probable course. If they were seeking to escape vengeance—the Indians for instance—their safety would be aided crowds on the quay in open daylight.

If they fled from justice had been their motive, the Portuguese journals would probably give some clue to their crime.

He went to ask Captain Durvige for some Para newspapers.

There were three, all of yesterday's date, on the saloon tables. You'll find them there, I presume, for I never had fewer newspapers on a Loureway steamer before. My passengers are principally Spaniards, French and Americans, and they don't bother themselves about Portuguese papers. Bless you! I'd give half all I'm worth for today's New York Herald.

I would, indeed, Burleigh?

Felix went into the saloon, and searched among the many papers on the table. The Para papers had disappeared. A waiter told him that there had been three copies of the El Dorado sent on board the previous day.

CHAPTER IX.

A FALSE MOVE.

This man has destroyed the Para papers, for they told something that he wished to keep secret. He spoke loudly to the waiter, and the waiter, who was only too happy to obey, hastened to the cabin to fetch the El Dorado. He was not long in returning, and he brought the paper to Felix.

"This man has destroyed the Para papers, for they told something that he wished to keep secret. He spoke loudly to the waiter, and the waiter, who was only too happy to obey, hastened to the cabin to fetch the El Dorado. He was not long in returning, and he brought the paper to Felix."

look unhappy enough in all conscience—for what are you searching?"

"For the El Dorado," he answered, straightening himself, and helping her over some ropes, trying to look well-pleased by the interruption.

"El Dorado!" she exclaimed. "And you have failed, of course, as everybody has before you. Do you expect to find a gold mine under the deck of the Gloria?"

"The El Dorado I am searching for is merely a Para paper with a Spanish name."

"Oh! I am quite disappointed. I thought you were a romantic adventurer, like Fonce de Leon—or, perhaps, it was some other man, but never mind—with gold on the brain."

While she was rattling off this speech, Felix had thrust his hand into a crevice between two piles of sails, drawing out several scraps of paper. They had been blown there by the wind, probably.

He began to place them together in the way that children arrange the parts of a puzzle. Rose Durvige looked on with undiminished curiosity.

The following was the result. We translate the date: On the first place was, El Dorado—On the second, Dorado. On the third, Para September 16—The rest were unconnected scraps, containing detached words in Portuguese.

"Well?" asked Rose, when he raised his head.

"I have found what I was looking for," he answered.

He was sure now that Laura Burleigh had destroyed two copies, at least, of the Para El Dorado. The name of the paper was printed in large ornamental letters. The heading alone, he had but little doubt, he had found portions of two headings.

The date was the one mentioned by the captain. Two copies of the paper had been destroyed. Was the third yet in existence, or had it met the same fate?

"Well?" again said Rose, perceptibly tapping his shoulder with the handle of her parasol, and arousing him from his reverie. "I suppose that you are not going to leave me in ignorance of the cause of this rather strange proceeding. What use are these scraps of the El Dorado?"

"I'd give half of all I'm worth—as your uncle just said—for one copy of a paper—yesterday's El Dorado."

"What date was yesterday?"

"September 16," said Rose, "we will make a bargain. I will procure that paper, and you will tell me what you want it for?"

"Have you it, Miss Durvige? I—"

"Stick to the business on hand, Mr. Burleigh. Do you agree?"

Felix hesitated. But, he argued, if Rose's feelings were enlisted in favor of that pale girl in the cabin, she might be of great service.

"I agree, Miss Rose."

"Now tell me at once. I'm sure there's something mysterious at the bottom of all this grubbing after scraps of paper. I do love secrets!"

"And you will get me the paper?"

"Certainly."

He poured into Rose's sympathetic ear the story of his surmises and conclusions.

"He's a villain, I know he's a villain," cried Rose, clenching her small fists. "The ugly—though I've

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In the course of the following month we were starting for a walk, attended by the inevitable James, when a message from Mr. Cope detained me. He would be glad to see his daughter in the library.

"Is he alone?" she anxiously asked.

"No, no, no," Mr. Malcolm's wife said.

"Oh, Alice, what do you want? He never comes more than twice a week, and then to dinner. Come with me, I am so frightened."

"But this I declined, feeling sure that my uninvited presence would only make matters worse."

I repeated my decision when she came back to me white and trembling, and laid her poor head on my shoulder without a word. Her presence was deeply terrified me, and it was long before I could elicit any account of what had taken place.

It appeared at last that some complication in Mr. Malcolm's affairs rendered his immediate presence in Hamburg desirable, and that he meant to take the opportunity of paying visits to several other continental towns where he had commercial correspondents, which would probably extend over a couple of years; and his errand that morning was to propose that, to obviate so long a separation, he should marry Florence before leaving England, and take her with him.

"Admirably business-like and practical, was it not?" Quitted worthy of Mr. Malcolm, said Florence, with a miserable attempt to smile. "You see he would save the expense of a wedding tour."

"What do your parents say?"

"They quite approve. I think they are enchanted at the prospect of ending by a coup de main the long struggle which is so tiresome to us all. Besides, they will at once get rid of me and my misery; and they think that by the time I come back, if I ever come back, I shall be reconciled to my fate."

I resolved to make an appeal to Mr. Cope's compassion. The thought that Florence could be hurried into a marriage with a man she detested, while all her heart had been given to another, seemed so intolerable, that I nerved myself for a dread encounter, and with sinking spirits and burning cheeks marched straight into the lion's den. Even at the time I had not the remotest idea of how I began, but I suddenly found myself launching into incoherent utterances that they would spare Florence from the wretchedness in store for her if she married Mr. Malcolm. All the response I elicited was an expression of astonishment that I should venture to interfere in matters so entirely beyond my province, and a caution that any further attempt to do so would only result in a total separation between Florence and myself.

I went straight to Florence's room, and bent over the sofa on which, worn out with crying, she had fallen asleep at last. On her delicate face the violent emotion of a few hours had done the wasting work of years. Could I have looked forward only a little way, I had rather wept over the early grave to which she seemed hastening, than have put out a saving hand. But I knew nothing then, and every thought and hope was bent on her rescue.

I suppose my intent gaze disturbed her troubled sleep, for she suddenly sat up, pushing aside her disordered hair with the look of one struggling back to painful consciousness. Then she said abruptly:

"Do you think I shall live long, Alice?"

"I hope so, dear."

"Oh, I don't! Mr. Pearce told mamma that I had not much 'stamina,' and things that vexed me injured my health more than she was aware of. That was when I wanted you to come. So I suppose I couldn't bear up against trouble very long. I am glad of it."

"But this trouble, is there no escape from it?"

"None that I can see. I haven't a friend in the world able to help me, and only one willing, besides yourself."

The dinner-bell interrupted us. During the dreary and only remark was made not bearing directly on its progress.

"Mr. Dewhurst gives his lecture on 'Palestine' to night, and it would be only courteous for some of our family to attend. Are you disposed to go, Miss Monty?"

I was about to give a most emphatic refusal, when I caught a look of entreaty from Florence, plain as spoken words, and bowed assent instead.

"I am glad of it. The proceeds will be given to a most excellent local charity. Are you well enough to accompany your friend, Florence?"

"Thank Florence said, 'No, papa,' her voice, for the first time that day, had life and hope in it."

"You will not go, Mrs. Cope, I suppose?"

"I couldn't possibly. You know I should be completely worn out."

"Then I shall do myself the honor of taking Miss Monty, and we can call for Mrs. De Warr; no doubt she will be glad of the carriage this cold evening."

So instead of returning to the drawing-room, I had to go up-stairs and collect wraps for my unwelcome expedition.

In the corridor Florence met me with glowing cheeks, and pressed a billet into my hand.

"I feel sure Arthur will be there on the chance of seeing me," she eagerly whispered; "but I dare not go, we should only go to much more closely watched. You must try to see and give him this, for Heaven's sake, Alice; it is my only hope."

Seated in the lecture-hall, between stiff Mrs. De Went and stern Mr. Cope, I had no misgivings as to the success of my mission, and I am sure they thought me the most ill-bred and restless girl it was ever their misfortune to encounter.

"I am afraid you are not interested, Miss Monty?" Mr. Cope dryly inquired, as my opera-glass for the twentieth time swept the reserved seats, to his manifest annoyance.

"Not much," I frankly replied. "It amuses me more to look at the people."

"Canon Dewhurst is a most gifted man," interposed Mrs. De Went, in a stage-whisper. "I am sure if you would try to concentrate your attention on his address you would be rewarded."

I light just as well do so, it appeared, for any result produced by my inspection of the audience. Mr. Balfour was certainly not there.

The best of the Hon. and Rev. Herbert Dewhurst's seven periods had died away, and I was slumbering in the portico while Mr. Cope put Mrs. De Went into the carriage, prevented by the crowd from drawing up exactly at the door, when some one addressed me in low and rapid tones:

"Do not be alarmed, but tell me quickly, is Florence here?"

"Oh, thank goodness you are here!" was my first most irrelevant response.

"No, not ill; that is, she is better; please take this," and pushing the note in his hand, then turning, guilty but triumphant, he was taken to the carriage by Mr. Cope, while Arthur Balfour stepped back into the shadow.

When we got home Mrs. Cope and

Florence had retired, but I was not at all surprised to hear a low tap at my door while I sat wondering how it was all to end, and perhaps feeling a little frightened, now the excitement was over, at the success with which I had performed my errand.

"Well?" said Florence, entering with flushed cheeks and eager eyes.

"I gave your note, my dear, but that seems to me only half the battle. How will you get a reply?"

"He was there, then? I know he would be. Oh, that will be managed somehow. Alice, I begin to hope."

"I am glad of it. But, Florence, you know very little of Mr. Balfour. Are you sure you are not afraid to trust him?"

"I love him!"

Ah, that was it! His wisdom of ages over-ruled when put in opposition to that potent argument? What weight had my doubts, cautions, fears compared to Florence's boundless love and faith?

The answer to my poor girl's letter was not long in coming; and certainly it was one which few women—no woman deeply and ungenerously in love with the writer—could have resisted. It was so eloquent yet so earnest, so full of devotion to Mr. Balfour's part, yet of the tenderest and most chivalrous consideration for Florence, that, though the proposal he made was rather a desperate one, it is little to be wondered at that he carried his point.

I am blessed when you have gone a little further, for being not merely a coming but an actively helpful party to such a mad scheme, remember the circumstances.

Here was Florence, heart-broken at the idea of being forced into marriage with a man she did not love, yet admitting that if left to herself she should not have moral or physical strength to resist the cold determination of her father and mother.

Here was the man she loved, handsome, young, avowing a love for her which was almost worship, and promising a faith to last as long as life itself.

Here was I, little more than a school-girl, with a girl's delight in a love affair, especially if enhanced by a dash of romance and mystery.

I can wonder that with three such actors a tragedy-comedy should not be performed?

On only one point did Florence contradict her lover, but on that she was firm. He wished to carry out their enterprise at once, "if twice to be done, twice well it was done quickly." But she insisted on a certain delay. At last each conceded a little, and the week before Christmas was chosen.

Meantime preparations for Florence's marriage to Mr. Malcolm went rapidly on, no longer in any way opposed by the bride elect. She strove by every mark of submissive gentleness to win her way to favor, and so far succeeded that the last few weeks of her abode in her unbecoming home were at all events outwardly harmonious.

Time rolled on, and at the eleventh hour Florence risked everything by making a final appeal.

"Papa," she said, in a low and trembling voice, standing irresolute after bidding them good-night, "papa, will nothing induce you to release me from this odious engagement?"

"Certainly not," he said, with cold surprise. "I thought, Florence, you had given up your foolish opposition; my word has long been pledged, and must be kept."

"Mamma," she said, turning impulsive to her, "mamma, intercede for me! You do not know how dreadful, how hateful the thought of this marriage is."

"I don't," Florence said, shaking her silks free from her child's passionate clasp; "I make it a point of never opposing your father."

Florence looked from one to the other with the bitterness of despair in her eyes. "You will drive me to do what even you will regret," she said; and from that moment there was no more looking back.

(To be continued in our next.)

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

PHASES OF A RUINED LIFE—HOW A FARMER'S SON BECAME A MILLIONAIRE, BUT IS NOW A CONVICT.

In a small town in Iowa, thirteen years ago, lived a rich and prosperous merchant—one widely known and universally respected. He was one of our modern types of the self-made man. As a farmer, he had sought a place in the village as clerk in a "country store." In three years he became partner, and in five sole proprietor. The town grew, and his business grew with it. Profits were large in those rapidly growing western towns, and even then supply scarcely equalled demand. With a good beginning in the world, and a keen eye, unbounded energy and a fund of good nature, so necessary to the business man to develop this beginning, with few wants and a simple solid trust to the foundation of experience, success was certain.

He was one; it was to his business but a new lever. He was largely engaged in grocers; we all know how they went up. He saw the advantage; he had nerve, and went in largely. His bills at this time with Claflin & Co. were enormous. He was well known in New York, and called perfectly good. It was the golden age with him. In the back room of his store he had whole cords of shagbark and calico which were worth 800 per cent. more than they had cost.

It would not have been surprising if such monstrous fortune had a marked effect upon the mind of this simple, straightforward business man; if he had felt the secure foundation of experience less necessary; if he had seen new horizons opening up greater possibilities in the future; if he had planned Napoleonic schemes of commerce in a wider field. It is not known that he had these dreams; what we do know is that his good judgment became unreliable and played him false; that during the ensuing five years he lost money nearly as fast as he made it; that he finally sold out and came to New York with a sacred regard of his immense fortune, but with unbounded ambition and the utmost confidence in his own abilities.

Baconi Howard was one of the few business men whose honesty and liberality during a long career were never by any human being doubted. He always paid everything that was demanded of him, and the subsequent history of this man is the story of a single act and its results—an act of resentment. It was this fatal quality, resentment, which was the shoal on which his life was wrecked.

In 1865 Baconi Howard became proprietor of the immense establishment known as the New York Match Company in Forty-second street. The business carried on

here was something enormous. He bought of the government no less than seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of revenue stamps. The government sold him a certain percentage on these drawbacks. A misunderstanding occurred here, the government, according to his figuring, not allowing him what the contract required. He felt that he was an injured man; he spoiled strong language to the government officials and was promptly subdued. "The government has cheated me; I'll be even with them yet," he said as he walked away.

The enemy, however, was too strong for him. The government watched him, and found that he did not buy as many stamps as he used, and they suddenly made a descent upon him, shut up his factory, broke up his business and threw him upon the world a ruined man. Unstamped boxes of matches had been found in the market, and it was upon this fact that the action was taken. Nothing more serious was suspected until nearly a year later, when a fisherman in the East River found buried in the mud, and covered with wax and verdigris, a copper plate for printing revenue stamps, and bearing the name of Baconi Howard. Howard made desperate efforts to get that plate from the unnamed fisherman, but the detectives were too quick for him, and outbid him for the fatal piece of copper bearing the name of the ruined match manufacturer.

He was not the only man involved, however; there was another man who trembled when he learned that this plate was in the hands of the police. That man was the engraver who had made it. He did what other frightened men do with the strong instinct of self-preservation—he ignobly betrayed his partner, made a clean breast of it, and hopelessly implicated Howard as a counterfeiter. He was tried, and the jury disagreed. Hundreds were ready to come forward and testify to his good character—that of an engraver was questionable—the evidence, though morally overwhelming, was not legally sufficient.

Last summer a man from the States came to the town of New Liverpool in the province of Quebec. He was accompanied by his wife, as if his stay was to be permanent, and he engaged his services to a merchant at a salary of \$1,500 a year. He was a man of forty-five, and had a crushed, quiet air, and a close observer of human nature might have noticed the nervous, seared look in the face of the poor wife, and under his own forced calmness a dull terror, an unrest, the heart of a man "hunted down." His nights were troubled, for it was said by the neighbors that the unhappy wife would often awake from her dream with screams and sobs, and his wife's prophetic fears only too soon to be realized; it was her husband, Baconi Howard, the counterfeiter, who was on Saturday sentenced to five years' hard labor in the penitentiary.—N. Y. Graphic.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

45 No other living thing can go so slowly as a boy on an errand.

46 For bilious complaints, says Mr. Quin, try greenbacks.

47 A Milwaukee woman recently conducted her own case in a suit for divorce, and obtained a verdict in her favor.

48 Opposing the Centennial is like trying to back the hands of a clock to save time. It is bound to come.—Boston Post.

49 Colonel Sweet, editor of the San Antonio (Texas) Herald, recently received two Indian scalps as a present from an admirer of his paper.

50 When a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely the same before as behind, the father exclaimed: "Goodness! he won't know whether he is going to school or coming home."

51 If your neighbor's house are troublesome, and steal across your way, Don't let your angry passions rise, But let a place for them to lay.

52 Society laws are inflexible even in Milwaukee, where, says the Sentinel, though a man may possess an elegant watch, unless he has a moon-colored horse and a yellow sleigh, he can only skim on the outskirts of good society.

53 A Pennsylvania manufacturing establishment has begun discharging men for telling falsehoods. The New York Mail thinks that this plan, if generally carried out, would be apt to paralyze the industrial system of the country.

54 The New Orleans Picayune recently concluded an article with the following very plain spoken remark: "We thought it best to make this explanation, because one or two outside parties appear to think they are running this paper. We want to nip the amateur illusion in its bud."

55 A young poet in the Western States sent to the local paper a love-song beginning:

Verily, I beg, the magic spell.

The editor answered that if he liked to call at the office he should have the spell of the dictionary there for a few hours.

56 Some useful lessons or examples may be found in the most simple occurrences. At the Terre Haute depot recently, an old lady attempted to get off while the cars were in motion. A gentleman standing near the door prevented her. "Let her go," exclaimed a kind-hearted passenger; "if she gets killed, it will be a warning to somebody else."

57 In a description of a wedding, a writer in a western paper said one of the ladies wore "a magnificent satin, double skirt at the bottom and sides." The spouse of the lady in question is looking for the reporter who penned this paragraph, to reason with him, but he has taken French leave.

58 It is said that, during one day's healthful existence, sixty hogheads of pure air should enter the human lungs. And yet we don't suppose one man in a thousand measures the amount of air he breathes to ascertain if he takes in sixty hogheads' per day. More attention should be given this matter.

59 Nine thousand persons attended President MacMahon's ball in Paris. The servants were utterly unable to attend to the guests, as they were penned up in corners and could not move, and many of the guests themselves were unable to get further than the stairs that reached up, and saw nothing of what was going on in the saloons. Darning is said to have been difficult.

60 There is a strong, able bodied woman in Grand Rapids, Michigan, who has not been three blocks from her home but once in twenty-five years, but she can be heard whispering to her children three miles.

61 The word "imp" originally signified a young man. Edward VI. is so styled in a letter of Cranmer, and a young son of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who was poisoned by his nurse as is supposed, is described as an imp in the inscription on his tomb at Warwick.

62 Frank E. Long, a lad engaged in one of the paper mills at Ypsilanti, Michigan, lately received an imposing offer of \$100,000 from a man from Holland, including an order for his immediate presence, and money enough to carry him out, to establish his claim to an immense estate—\$10,000,000 in the rumor—for which the Holland courts can find no nearer heir. He has started.

63 Fame is to be despised. Listen to the shrill cry of the Herald: "Many of our citizens attended the Italian opera in Milwaukee on Monday evening. A lady named Nilsson sang on that occasion, and is said to have done pretty well." A lady named Nilsson, indeed! The Herald will next speak of a "gentleman named Grant."

64 Recently a party of young men in Sacramento started out to serenade a lady friend. They exerted themselves to the best of their ability for about half an hour in front of the house, when something white on the door attracted their attention, which, upon investigation, was found to be a card saying, "House to Let."

65 Mary Sherrick, of Bridgeport, Ct., has sued John Harris, of the same city, for breach of promise, asking \$1,000 damages. Harris says that Miss Sherrick has accused herself for some time past by sending him packages containing dead rats and other delicate tokens of attention. He does not think her entitled to further satisfaction for it, for she is satisfied.

66 Scientific men tell us that if pianos stand north and south, the tone of the instrument is much improved. This is true especially when the piano is thumped by a learner. About one hundred and fifty miles north and south of you is the proper position for the instrument to stand when being manhandled by a young thing taking her first lesson. It improves the tone wonderfully.

Origin of Familiar Names.

(Continued from last number.)

MARY—Hebrew and English; means "Myrrh of the Sea" and is also translated "bitter." This is probably the most popular of female names in all Christian countries, it being that of the Mother of Christ. The sister of Moses and Aaron, who led the songs of the Israelites when they saw their enemies dead upon the seaboard, was the first owner of that name. It has been translated to mean "starchiness" from meri, and has also been explained as meaning "Myrrh of the Sea," "Lady of the Sea," or "Star of the Sea," the likeness to the Latin and Tonician "Mar" being probably the guide. The devotion of the Crusaders first brought Maria into Europe, and thence across the French Merion. In England, the translation of the Bible gave the English form "Mary" to the French "Marie." Mary II. was the first of the queens who dropped the terminal "ie."

This name is found in sixteen languages, the commonest forms being Maria, Mary, Marion, Moll, Molly, Polly, Mary, Marietta, and Maria. In French, it is Matilda; means "Mighty Battle Maid." Some of its forms are Mand and Tilly.

MAUD.—See Matilda.

MAY.—See Mary and Margaret. It seems to be a natural contraction of Mary, although the Scotch use it articulately as a nickname for Margery or Margaret.

MIRIAM.—Latin and English; means "to be admired."

MOLLY.—See Mary.

NANCY.—See Hannah.

NELLY.—See Helen.

PATIENCE.—Latin and English; means "bearing up."

PATTY.—See Mary.

PAULINE.—Latin, French and German; means "little Paul." It has arisen from the male "Paul."

PUBLICULA.—Latin and English, means "ancient." Priests and Priests are found in Roman mythology, but the most interesting person of the name is Priocilla, the fellow-worker of St. Paul.

RACHEL.—Hebrew, German, English and French, means "ewe." With other Scriptures, Rachel obtained a foothold in England under the Puritans.

REBECCA.—Hebrew and Latin, means "noosed cord," or "to bind." Isaac's wife probably got her name from rabak, "to bind," as an expression of the firmness of the marriage bond.

ROSA.—Latin, Spanish and Italian; means "rose." Whether it is true that she was by any other name would seem as sweet appears never to have been tried, for all countries seem to express both the flower and its blushing tint by the same sound. The first use of "roses" among Teutons, however, was sometimes as "fame," sometimes "a horse." Robais or Roests, most probably the French and Latin "Rosa" fame is the first form in which the simple word appears in England. It is found in all kinds of ornamental form in different countries, and the contractions or diminutives of one become the names of others.

SARAH.—Hebrew and English; means "Princess," or "to rule." The verb "to rule" furnished both names of the wife of Abraham.

ROPER.—Greek and English; means "Wisdom."

STELLA.—See Esther.

SUSAN AND SUSANNAH.—Hebrew and English; means "lily." The name was properly Susannah (a lily), although it is now known as Susannah, of which Susan is a contraction.

TERRA.—Armenian and English, means "zeal." Tertia is explained in St. Luke as the name of a dove (a roe or gazelle), the Greek word being from its fall, dark eye. The term as applied to cats is probably derived from "tabi," an Italian word for a species of watered silk.

TERESA.—Greek and English; means "carrying ears of corn." The first to bear the name was the wife of a Roman noble, called Paulina. It was made popular in Roman Catholic countries by the enthusiastic devotion shown by Saint Teresa in the sixteenth century.

VICTORIA.—Latin and English; means "conqueror." The verb Vicio, to conquer, furnished the names of Vincent and

Victor, and the latter was given to women as Victoria. It is original of the name was a Roman virgin, martyred in the Decian persecution.

VIOLET.—Latin and Scotch; means "violet." The probable original, Violante, is of uncertain origin. In France it was transformed to Yolande or Yolette, and in the confusion between y and j it appeared in English as Juliette. The Scotch imported Juliette as Violet, and the name has it varied through the amount of the Scotch love for good names.

VIRGINIA.—Latin, English and Italian; means "flourishing." The name is derived from the old plebeian family, who first spelt their name Verginius, thus connecting themselves with "ver," the Morning, for Walter Raleigh gave the name Virginia to his western colony in honor of the Virgin Queen (Elizabeth), and if Virginia is not derived from virgo, "a virgin," it ought to be.

VIVIAN.—Latin and English; means "lively." Vivian from vivus (alive) was the first name of Viru Perpetua, the noble young matron of Carthage, whose martyrdom is one of the most affecting histories in the annals of the early Church.

WILHELMINE.—Tonician and English; means "helmet of resolution." It is one of the almost innumerable forms of Wil or Will, which gave rise to the popular male name William, or German Wilhelm.

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